PIES AND PIE EATERS

Interviews with Experts on the Question of the Day.

ALL SHADES OF OPINION.

Politicians and Professional Men Opposed to Bakers' Pastry.

THE PIE IN THE THEATRE.

A pie, as the pie is known in this land of freedom, is purely an American dish, and is entitled to honor from the fact that it is one of the products of American art. Too often it has been said that America is too young to have produced anything in art worthy of veneration, but the pie is a standing refutation of the statement. No one who has tasted pie in its per-fection will deny this. In New England, where pie may be said to be indigenous, there are yet living matrons who have inherited the housewifely genius of the Pilgrim Mothers. They make pies as no other people in the world can make them. There is no se in the eater of incongruity of material, whatever that material may be, but the various condi-ments and dainties are blended with such consummate art that the pie becomes a homogeneous whole. It is true that the culinary genius of the Knickerbockers, combined with the refinements of foreign gastronomy, has created pies which are pro-emi-nently edible, but they are not the pies of New England. They are good, but they are pies with im-provements, and the original pie of New England was not a thing to be improved upon.

On the other hand, there are the pies of commerce

e manufactories turn out machine made pies by the million, and there is nothing worse tha a pie of the baser sort. When the dainty care of snowy fingers and loving eyes is displaced by the the result is a travesty—not a pie. It is this so-called pie, which is eagerly eaten from ignorance of er sort, that has brought disgrace on the name of vie; and vet even this, the pie of ignorance affair. Americans are called pio-caters, as they were once called Yankees in derision. The "Englishman," termed the Seventh regiment a body of pieesters, doubtless thought he was reproaching them. He could not know any better, being an Englishman, unless he had been fortunate enough to find a pie of the original and better sort since his arrival

For, although England has her pies of various sinds, they are not like American pies. The English pie would be called a pudding in America. It has other the proportions nor the constituent parts of the pie as it grows and flourishes in this country. The taunt of the "Englishman," while it excited the good natured contempt of the regiment and its is, served also to start a competition at the great fair, which has provoked a strong feeling of rivalry. Even President Hayes, Mr. Tilden, Captain ns, General Grant and other great men have not declined the chances of this competition, since a mammoth pie goes to the man who shall be voted the "champion pie-ester." May the best man win! These facts, and the unmerited obloquy recently

nowered upon the lemon méringue pie in cons quence of a distressing accident, have provoked an unwonted discussion of pies among our citizens.

The Herald, ever foremost in laying before the
public the sentiments of leading men on important ort the views of a great number of prominent per-ons in relation to pie. It will be noticed that while e speak with levity others seem to appreciate the importance of the subject. Some dodge the question, but others speak out manfully and fearlessly This is a common thing in the discussion of all questions bearing on the public welfare, and, however much it may be regretted, is only what might

DR. HAMMOND'S DIATRIBE.

Dr. William A. Hammond was the only leading physician whose opinion of pie the reporter was to obtain. Other physicians either weakly waded the question by pretending that they were "out" when the reporter called or professed a disthe responsibility of committing themselves on so importanta question. Dr. Hammond, however, was sider nie vile. I never allow any in my house. It is simply vile. Do I make myself understood?"

reporter suggested that the statement would perhaps be clearer if the grounds for it were ex-

"It is vile." said Dr. Hammond, "because it is indigestible, inexcusable and mysterious. It is indigestible because of the very nature of its composition: it is inexcusable because it is tampering with the holiest functions of the stomach to offer pie to it in place of food, and it is mysterious because you don't know what you are eating. Purchased pie is

"But why is it that the people are fond of pie if it is so bad?" asked the reporter.
"That," replied Dr. Hammond, promptly, "is

purely a geographical question. There is a region of perpetual pie, as there is a region of perpetual It is found in that part of the United States lying north of a parallel passing through Spring-field. If you go past Springfield you strike pic. If you go past Springfield you strike pie. They have it three times a day, and it is abominable pie that they have. Now, a great many New Yorkers came from New England originally, and they have brought with them a perverted taste."

"Well, n-no. There are pies and pies. And then again, there are tarts. Tarts are good things; but that is foreign to the question. A pie may be made in a way that will do credit to any cook. If the paste is properly made (for good paste is a good into it the pie may be good. But when the paste is before it is cooked you have a sodden undercrust that cannot be properly baked. This is pie as New Yorkers understand the word. Now the English pie is a very different thing. It is a deep thing. And it is more like what we call a pudding. It is very

"Would it not be a good thing to do away with so

"Would it not be a good thing to do away with so great an evil?"

"Undoubtedly it would. But I fear that even the Herald would be unable to abolish pic."

"What would you recommend as a good measure looking to such an abolition?"

Dr. Hammond thought a moment, and then said, emphatically, "Kiil Mrs. Hopkins. Good day."

Lawyers were found to be as difficult to get at on the subject as physicians. The most of them, so their clorks said, were "out;" but in one instance the real meaning of this word was plainly divulged. Inquiring for Mr. Henry L. Clinton, the reporter was recognized by the clerk in the outer office, who said, courteously but firmly, "Mr. Clinton has left word here that he will not be interviewed. It's no use in trying it. He is out."

The reporter suggested that the subject was an important one, and that he would come again, but the clerk said it was no use, Mr. Clinton would still be out.

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A ter trying with similar ill success to get at various other prominent lawyers, the reporter inquired in the office of ex-kecorder James M. Smith it that gentleman was in. He learned that Mr. Smith had the gout. The association of ideas was suggestive, and Police Justice Smith, who is a son of the ex-Recorder, was sought for an explanation. He would not commit himself on the subject of his father's liness, but on the question of pie, considered abstractly, he was more communicative.

"Pie," he said, "is most delicious—if it is pie; but one pie differeth from another pie in glory. Pie that is not pie, but is simply the result of a crude misconception on the part of an alleged cook, cannot be expected to be good, as a matter of course. Now, my father's cook can make better pie, I venture to say, than any other cook in New York. It will melt in your mouth, and it is so light you hardly have to lit it to your tongue. It goes up almost of itself."

POPULAR ROMANCE.

POPULAR ROMANCE.

PURSsell, the Broadway baker, was out of town when the reporter called, and his son, who was at the desk, was disinclined to undertake the responsibility of stating his father's views in full, though he admitted that he was familiar with them. Pie, in itself, he declared was unquestionably valuable. The prejudice which many persons affected against pie and the various slanderous statements made against it as an institution arose eimply from ignorance. A pie might be a dream of poetic ecstasy or

it might be merely the occasion of a nightmare. It all depended on what kind of a pic it was.

Mr. Henry Maillard, the confectioner, was also out of town, but one of his clerks, evidently a Frenchman, said that he knew Mr. Maillard approved of pic. Whether he ate it or not he was unable to say.

"But zee pic is a noble bird," he exclaimed, with enturalsam. "Eet ees 22 grandest creation of zee American gastronome. Eet eos like ze turkey. Ve have him not in France. He is wonderful. You nevaire know what he ees, and you eat him and are full at vonce. You vant no more dinaire."

It was not quite clear whether the gentleman was speaking in earnest or not, or' if he was in earnest, what he meant.

Mr. Gilmor, of Greenwich street, who sells pics by the thousand, was enthusiastic on the subject. "The pic." he said, "is the glory of Arrerica. If you make a pic properly and cook it well it is harmless, and as a dainty there is nothing that will take its place. It will finish a meal as nothing else will finish it, and the time will come when the American pie will be as great a favorite all over the world as it is now in New England. I noticed in the newspapers some time ago that a prize was offered in England by some association of ladies and gentlemen for the best bill of fare that should be presented for a workingman's Christmas dinner, and the one that won the prize had mince pic for dessert."

It may not be generally known, although it is nevertheless a fact, that politicians are as a rule great lovers of pic. Their tastes, like those of bordinary mortals, vary as regards particular kinds of stuffing, but it may be stated without fear of contradiction that politicians have a yearning for lemon pic. It may readily be conceived, therefore, that the experience of Mrs. Mulvey created quite a pasic among the political fraternity. "Nick" Langdou, the downtown politician, was found actually interesting a piece of pic. The reporter stood aghast. What if the pic were poisoned? What a loss would she sustained in the politicial

feat.
"Why?" said the eater, at the same time taking a bite of his ten cents' worth.
"Don't you know that there have been people poisoned by eating pie?"
"There have, eh? Well, now, it's very queer I haven't heard anything about it. How did it happen?"

"There have, eh? Well, now, it's very queer I haven't heard anything about it. How did it happen?"

The reporter explained. He dwelt with horror on the frightful pain endured by the victims and dilated upon the consequent suffering of all their triends. The politician's eyes opened wider. He held the pie further away from his mouth, and finally laid it down on a plate. The reporter told how the poor people died, and "Nick" called for a strong concection of coffee. It would be useless to seek to penetrate the mysteries of what took place in a little back room. When he returned Mr. Langdon looked pale and nervous. It appeared as if he had passed through some great mental or physical upheaval. He shook the reporter's hand silently but gratefully, and afterward expressed his intention never to eat any pies made by a baker again.

"Tom" O'Callaghan, the Tammany leader in the Nineteenth Assembly district, was then accosted. Mr. O'Callaghan has had some little trouble with Mr. John B. Haskin, and appears to be unable to talk on any other subject. The people in the Nineteenth district say that he can eat more pie for his size than any other subject. The people in the Nineteenth district say that he can eat more pie for his size than any other subject. The people in the Nineteenth district say that he can eat more pie for his views on the question of the hour.

"Just wait a minute" was the response, "till I tell you why Haskin wasn't elected. You see—"
"But Mr. O'Callaghan, the public would be interested to know whether the deaths that have occurred from eating poisoned pies have led you to discard that edible?"

"What are you giving us? As I was saying before, you see Haskin wasn't—" "But the pie, Mr. O'Callaghan, the pie?" interrupted the reporter.

you see Haskin wasn't—"
"But the pie, Mr. O'Callaghan, the pie?" interrupted the reporter.
"Now, what's the use of talking about that? Of course I eat pie or anything else that I like. But, as I remarked before, the unpopularity of Haskin has a great deal to do with his—"
"Now, Tom, can't you stop this and tell me what you know about pies?"

nas a great deal to do with his—"
"Now, Tom, can't you stop this and tell me what
you know about pies?"
"No, I can't, and it's my opinion you're only
making tun of me. I tell you I'm going to eat pie
whenever I feel like it and—"
"Not lemon pie?"
"Any kind I choose. I don, t see why I shouldn't
eat one kind as well another."
And with this Mr. O'Callaghan walked away.
Mayor Cooper was not in when the reporter called,
but it is generally understood that His Honor is not
partial to pie. Mark Lanigan is not in the habit of
feeding on micringues. He prefers apple dumplings.
The members of the Board of Aldermen are, as a
rule, great lovers of pastry; but few of them seem
to be at present very fond of pie. Before the poisoning cases came to light many of the City Fathers
used to buy lemon pies, but they have apparently
broken the habit. At one time it was feared that a
"corner" would be created in the pie market.
Alderman Morris feeds on butter cakes when he
has not time to get a "aquare" meal.
Alderman Jacobas does not eat pie, except when
he knows how it is made.
Alderman Stewart, like his colleague, Colonel

Alderman Jacobus does not eat pie, except when he knows how it is made. Alderman Stewart, like his colleague, Colonel Burns, does not like pie at all. Neither of these gen-

Burns, does not like pie at all. Neither of these gentlemen indulge in this luxury.

But why go all through the list? Even if any of
the City Fathers were in the habit of eating pie they
would not willingly acknowledge it, so it would be
useless to give denials in each individual case. It
may be stated, however, that the present Common
Council is not a pie eating Board. What the next one
will be it is difficult to foreteil. On a salary of \$4,000
a year a City Father ought to be able to get something better to eat than a five cent cut of lemon pie.
"Tom" Costigan, the supervisor of the City Record,
eats pie every day, or nearly every day. The reporter
thought the would be a good person to interview on
the subject.

the subject.
"What do you think of pie, Mr. Costigan?" was

"What do you think of pie," "The flower with first inquiry.

"Eh? What's that? What do I think of pie?" "The "Yes, Mr. Costigan, as an article of food?" "The flower woln, now come here; that sort of talk won't do.

What the deuce do you mean, anyway?" "I only want to get your-opinion on the subject." dog "What you want my opinion for?" this.

"I only want to get your-opinion on the subject."

"Well, now, what do you want my opinion for? I can talk politics with you, but I won't talk about pies."

"I would very much like to have your views."

"You're trying to fool me, but you can't do it. I don't know anything about it."

"Did you never eat pie, Mr. Costigan?"

"Why, of course I'we eaten pie, but see here, haven't we had enough of this. What'll you take?"

The reporter excused himself and withdrew.

Thomas Dunlap, Commissioner of Jurors, never eats pie, and has no opinion on the subject. He once examined a pie, it is said, and found that there was something on the inside that he didn't like. Since then he has not taken pie at all.

General F. B. Spinols has a decided objection to pie as an article of food, his objection dating from a period in his boyhood days, when he ate Washington pie, which made him sick. Whenever he takes pie now be thinks of his youthful folly and yows anew that he will never eat any more. He has no opinion as to the particular marita of lemon pie, but prefers chicken pie above all others.

The reporter questioned a number of other politicians on the subject, but in every case was more or less severely repulsed.

"I'm the pie man of this establishment," said Mr. Jerome Leland, of the Sturtevant House. "Come right down stairs and have a piece of any kind you like, right out of the oven. We're baking them all the time, and we make a feature of them. I give the cook to understand we are making them for infants, and then you see when they arrive on the table they are a delight to grown people. Every pie eaten in this house is made in it. We buy or grow the very best material. We have no chemicals or flavoring humbug and we insist on the most rigorous cleanliness. If we did not have a high estimate of our family. It is a large family and they are all pie eaters. I have seen many gentlemen here renowned for their abilities as pie consumers, and it has always been a great delight to me to see the amount they put away."

"Who is the g

dows."

Mr. A. M. Palmer said:—"The only pie I care for is a good American drama. I have one just come from the oven of Mr. George Edgar Fawcett, and we are dishing it up for presentation to the public as soon as they shall have sufficiently feasted on our present commodity."

"Ple?" said Mr. Backus, and he turned away his head.

"Hush," whispered Mr. Birch, who was present;

head.

"Hush," whispered Mr. Birch, who was present:
"You've hit on a tender spot."

Mr. Backus drew a colored cotton handkerchief from the breast pocket of his coat, wiped his eyes and turned toward the reporter. Taking him affectionately by the hand, while he shivered with emotion, he said in trembling tones and with tears hanging on his words:—
"Young man, I ate a piece o' Washington pie thirty odd years ago, and I have it yet."

Mr. W. H. Henderson—Pie, sir, is like pitch. The farther you keep away the better for you.
"BILLY" Birch—I encountered a patent cylindrical stem winder one day out West that was all case and no works, and I have been satisfied ever since. I had a dream the other night. I thought I saw a pillar of pie anchored on my chest and mounting Olympus high, with Backus on the pinnacie, I tried to call out to him to drop on nimself or some other fellow and let up on me; but my voice seemed to fall short of him, and there he gambelled, playing football with the stars. I squirmed and twisted and tried to wriggle myself from beneath that mass of mince, but to no purpose. Oh! I see my dream is out. You are the incubus. Avanut and quit my sight.

Mr. Maurice Grau—The only pie I know much about is chicken pot. My poker playing friends like that, They supply the pot and I throw in the chicken. Ta, ts.

Mr. John Duff inquired—"Humble pie, or how?"

house."
Mr. E. G. Gilmore spoke as follows:—"At home, in Massachusetts, they gave us pie for breakfast. You know I came from Massachusetts. When we had company they gave us two kinds. Since I came to New York I've changed off on brandy. I only ear mince pie now, and that is because there's brandy in it."

mince pie now, and that is because there's brandy in it."

Mr. Theodore Moss—Pie, I have been told, is a romantic vegetable of a gobulous form and a sinister turn of mind. The greatest pie pounder I know of is "Johnny" Raymond. I have been told that he consumed \$20 worth during his last engagement at this theatre. "Johnny" Barton is next. I hear he's copper lined and can carry a ton or two of undigested pie up a four story front. I'm going to back him against Raymond next summer for a belt—if we can find one to fit him by that time. Pie was known to the crusaders, who carried it in their knapsacks. It is the bone and sinew of the American nation, and the Crusades you may make against it will not extinguish it. It is like the onion—a nuisance and a necessity."

meessity."

Tony Pastor exclaimed:—"Bock and rye, and homemade pie, and Sally Blye. Now mind your eye. What's all this cry? The Pastors, sir, have been a pie-eating race ever since meat was invented and long before. We began it as early in youth as possible, and old age could not tear us from it. You never beheld a tussle equal to the tearing a Pastor of any denomination from a piece of pie after he had got his teeth well into it."

MANAGEMAL PLEASANTEY.

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MAMAGERAL PLEARANTRY.

Mr. E. H. Harrigan said:—"You touch me on a vital spot. I am a pie-ute. Plee eating is contagious in this theatre. Billy Gray is pie-baid. Tony Hart is cruety, and John Wild is alt 'do. do.' on the slate in the sample room. Fie is one of those mysteries which Professor Proctor cannot solve. He can readily give you the ingredients of a meon, but there is not a spectroscope in the universe that can analyze the various colors of a pumpkin pie, so that the gastronomer might learn the inner workings of that hazardous dish.

"You have no hatred of pie?"

"Hatred of pie? Hate is not the term. I detest that plous concection of kneedy bakers. Have you ever caten an Omaha pie? No? Then you have yet to eat a real pie. My first introduction to a Far West pie was at the Omaha station on the Central Pacific road. This Omaha pie was the magnet which attracted the warilike Sloux and Pawnee savage to the haunts of civilization. It was the means of reducing those hideous savages to a horizontal position. There is something in a pie that bodes no man good. But the most beautiful, symmetrical pad in the theatrical profession is a grocery store, Rockland cemented pie. I can give you a list of some of the principal pie caters in our profession to-day. That eminent divine, Robert Hart, is very fond of Washington pies. "Tony' Hart glories in a cranberry cross-road pie. Dave Braham is fond of the pie-ano. Wild and Gray, Birch, Backus, Joe Poik, Harry Beckett, Mrs. Yeamans and all whom I have the honor of nodding to are pie pinchers. In fact, I have made up my mind that next season I shall have a huge cocoanut pie painted on our curtain."

Mr. Frederic C. Harriott, while cutting a very excellent apple pie at his own table, said to the reporter:—"I am fond of pie, especially apple pie, but I have a great deal of trouble tog et such pie

anybody. Our flavorings are the very best and we use no chemicals. We make bread without alum, and baking powder is forbidden. Cleanliness is the great necessity of good pie making and the next thing to that is the very best material. Then if you have a good cook you may expect to get good pies and pastry."

this. First, because it is light, and mostly because it is a national production. Many of us eat pies through patriotism; but I think the customers of this house eat them because they are good. 'How many?' Oh, about one hundred and fifty a day. Each pie is cut into five paris. In winter guests rarely eat more than one part each; but in the spring and summer—. Pardon me, I must go no further. The appetite is a delicate thing. We use cream of tartar and sods, and the best flour and freut, and summer—. Pardon me, I must go no further. The appetite is a delicate thing. We use cream of tartar and sods, and the best flour and freut, and seep our vessels as clean as hands in adulteration of tartar and sods, and the best flour and freut, and seep our vessels as tienn as hands in adulteration of the property of the seep of the seep

"CHEAP AND FILLING." NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879. TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:-

chicken. Ta, ta.

Mr. John Duff inquired—"Humble pie, or how?"
"Any how," Mr. Duff.
"Pie, I think; is a mixed up food that does a white

man little good. I take mint in whisk. Ask Stephen | have seen on the subject in the papers as yet. It is called "A cheap filling for lemon pie," and reads:-"Take one pint of water, dissolve one-quarter of an

ounce of tartaric acid in the water, sugar to the tasts, and flavor with the oil of lemon; add two eggs and one-quarter pound corn starch, and make into a custard as per recipe."

Now, being cheap, was not this likely to be used—less likely to be detected by the tasts, than virdigris, and in the hands of a careless or drunken workman, with or without a copper kettle, quite likely to produce the results which followed the eating of the pie?

HERALD READER.

CALAMITOUS CUSTARD. NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879.

In Virginia a number of persons have been poi-soned by using what is there known as "custard" in made from milk, eggs, sugar and some flavoring material. It seems probable that under some unknow conditions a reaction may occur among these constituents which will develop poison. In one case poisoning occurred in a party of eighteen persons which could not be traced to the use of any copper utensil in the preparation of the "custard." The medical society of Virginia some years ago appointed a committee to investigate the subject. The results arrived at I do not know. These facts may throw some light upon investigations relative to the recent cases of poisoning in your city.

A. G. GRINNAN.

ALUM AND DYSPEPSIA. NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879.

To the Editor of the Herald:—
I would like to have you publish these few line use of aium it is a fact that a great many English and Irish, as well as American, bakers use it, but I will wager Mr. Lakey that he cannot find in New York city ten German bakers that use it York city ten German bakers that use it or would do so. In regard to short weights, I am positive that every right minded man in the baking business would hail with delight a law compelling a uniform weight and price, which would place every baker on an equal footing with his neighbor and insure a better quality of bread throughout the city. As it is at present a certain company is cutting the business so that a man using good flour cannot compete with it. I am convinced that some bakers use alum in order to bring their bread up to the requisite color of other bakers who use a much better class of flour. I am also positive that bakers, as a rule, are more cleanly than nine-tenths of all the cooks and housewives in existence. Cleanliness is the most unportant part of the business, and no baker can have good bread who is not particular in this respect.

HENRY UNGRICH, Jr.

BAKERS' BREAD BAD FOR DYSPEPSIA. NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879. To the Editor of the Herald:—

As a journeyman baker I desire to say that the statement of Charles D. Lakey is in all respects untrue. I have been a foreman baker in some of the largest baker shops on this Continent, and can make affidavit that I never saw one-eighth of an ounce of alum used in the manufacture of bread.

W. H. MOFFATT.

INGENIOUS BURGLARS.

PATROLMAN VAIL DISCOVERS THE OPERATIONS OF A GANG OF SAFE BREAKERS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME. One of the most cleverly planned burglaries at

tempted in this city for a long time was rustrated early yesterday morning. At about three o'clock Patrolman Oliver Vail, of the Fourth precinct, was going the rounds of his post, which extends from Fulton to Roosevelt street and embraces Front and South streets. Pausing at South and Roosevelt streets he noticed a man standing in the doorway of a saloon occupied by Fisher & Hedeman at No. 175 South street. It was raining very hard and the man held an umbrella over his head, entirely concealing his face. As the officer wore a pair of rubber boots the man did not hear him as he approached, but suddenly becoming aware of his presence he made a sudden bound, started on a run down South street, closely pursued by Vail. The fugitive was a very swift runner and soon distanced the policeman, who, being encumbered by his heavy boots, gave up the chase in disgust. He immediately returned to the saloon in front of which the man had been standing and peered in. The gas was burning and pastry."

CAREFUL COOKING.

"Copper being the only thing that will stand the heat we boil our sugar in copper vessels. Our pies are made on tin plates. We use about seventy-five a day. Each pie is cut into live parts. In the miscellaneous manufacture of pies extreme caution should be used in regard to acids. Lemon is ticklish stuff in careless hands, and when you remember it may come in contact with verdigris on an unwashed copper vessel it is easy to estimate the danger. We keep men who do nothing but scrub the vessels out the moment they are done with. They are scalled and rubbed until we are confident no particles of any kind remain. A daily inspection is made of the tin lining, and the instant we discover a thin place we have the whole surface lined. All our vessels undergo that operation once a month."

"The pie has its season like the oyster, the caulflower and the duck," said Mr. Cosle, the steward of the St. Nicholas Hotel. "It begins to grow in the early spring and is in powerful evolution in the dog days. There are many reasons for this. First, because it is pleasant when properly made: next, because it is light, and mostly because

open in the building and Mr. A. Smith, a truckman, inquired what the trouble was. On being intormed that burglars were in the house he awakened Mr. Henry Hedeman, one of the proprietors of the saloon, who came down stairs with the keys and opened the doors.

A DUMMY SAFE.

In the meantime Vail had been joined by Policemen Courtlander and Gardiner. The party entered the saloon and were surprised to find two safes. Examination showed, however, that one was a dummy, made of muslin stretched on a wooden frame. This occupied the piace at the window where the genuine sate originally stood, while the latter had been dragged a distance of about five feet. The dummy was painted like the original and was so constructed that it could be folded up into a very small space. The officers went into the dining room and there found a set of burglar's tools, consisting of a combination "jimmy," or safe puller, in three pieces; a new carpenter's auger and two steel safe drills. The rear door of the room led through a closet into the yard. The door was found wide open. It had been secured the night before by two bolts—one at the top and one at the bottom. A hole had been cut with the aid of an augur beside each of the bolts, so that they could have been withdrawn with ease. The work was done with skill. In the yard against the fence a butter tub was found, bottom upward, on which a ladder rested. The burglars had evidently escaped into the rear of the tenement houses Nos. 287 and 238 Front street. The officers searched all the yards and houses in the block, but with little result. In an unoccupied attic room in one of the Front street tenement houses they discovered signs of something having been concealed under a ledge. The plaster had been scraped from the wall in drawing out the object, and as traces of lime dust were found on the safe dummy it is supposed that this room was used for storing purposes.

Officer Vail describes the fellow whom he chased as of tail and medium build, with a heavy black mustache, very thick and bushy

MR. HOXSEY EXPLAINS.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 24, 1879.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I clip from an account of an interview between your correspondent here and myself published in

your correspondent here and myself published in yours of yesterday the following:

Mr. Hoxsey, besides occupying the position he does as a republican, is also, singular to say, a readjuster. He was fermerly Assistant United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and, disregarding Preadent Haves civil service rules, chose to retain his position as chairman of the Republican State Committee and thereby forfolized his office. He has very decided convictions and is independent enough to maintain them.

I desire to correct this by saying that I have never

declared myself a readjuster. I have been and am still opposed to the present so called debt settlement, known as the McCulloch bill, and shall here-after be in sympathy with the "readjusters" if after be in sympathy with the "readjusters" if they propose any better plan not tainted with repudiation. Your correspondent is mistaken in supposing that I foreited my office by disregarding the civil service order of the President. It is true that I did not regard that order as applying to me as a member of the Republican Executive Committee, and that several others of the committee (office-holders) differed with me on that point and resigned, but I never have understood that I thereby forfeited my office. My office, with a number of others, was abolished July I, 1878, as a measure of retrenchment, as I understood. Trusting you will favor me by publishing this, I am, very respectfully.

2. W. HOXSEY. OBITUARY.

WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON, D. D.

The announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. William Ives Budington, late pastor emeritus of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, at his residence, No. 422 Clermont avenue, will not be a surprise to many who have regarded his heroic fight for life during the past year with wonder and sympathy. Between possible recovery and almost certain death the distinguished sufferer oscillated so iong that had he not been possessed of an almost angelic patience his Christian fortitude must of necessity long since have failed him. The terrible cancer that thrived upon his very life left him weak, debilitated and physically nerveless. At times he rallied, but the apparent change for the better was delusive, and each relapse found him weaker and fainter. Finally it was evident that his departure was a question of days only. He caimly faced the inevitable and occupied his closing hours in cheer ing his family and friends and preparing for the awful summons and the subsequent appearance in which he firmly and joyfully believed. The death of Dr. Budington takes from the City of Churches one of several cierical notabilities who for sundry rea sons are known widely by name and work. Dr. Budington was a native of New Haven, Conn., where he was born April 21, 1815. His parents gave him s liberal education, sending him first to Yale College, whence he was graduated in 1834, and thence to Andover, where he studied theology, supplementing the New Haven course, and finishing in 1839. He gave in early life great promise as a teacher and disciplinarian, and at the age of twenty-five years with license to preach the Gospel. He was a member of a Congregational Church, and in April, 1840, accepted a call and was installed as pastor of the First Congregational Church in Charlestown, Mass. He continued his labors in that field more than fourteen years, building up a reputation as a thinker and preache far above the average. His congregation, though small was influential and entertained for him the greatest respect and regard, so that when he left greatest respect and regard, so that when he left they mourned his loss. After a few months' work in Philadelphia Dr. Budington accepted an invitation from the Clinton Avenue Church in Brooklyn, and was installed as its pastor in April, 1855. At that time the church worshipped in an edifice corner of Clinton and Gates avenues, but a new building was erected on the corner of Clinton and Lafayette avenues, which, with a chape! fronting on Lafayette avenue and finished in 1859, cost \$90,000. Under the guidance of Dr. Budington the organization rapidly grew, and, although never a very influential or prominent church, took a fair rank and stood next to Plymouth Church and the Church of the Pligrims. In 1864 \$25,000 were subscribed to pay up the entire debt of the society, besides which the pew owners resigned their proprietary interest in the property, by which act the society was benefited \$25,000 more. But aside from the general interest naturally attaching to any substantial religious body the church and ministry of Dr. Budington attracted no marked attention until the latter part of 1873, when Dr. Budington became identified with a controversy in which Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs and himself participated, and made one of a tripartite conference, which subsequently broke out in a protracted correspondence. It appears to be the unfortunate fact that the unhappy scandal over which the religious community of the nation has been exercised for years was the pole on which a number of ministerial controversionalists climbed into notoriety. The action of Plymouth Church in dealing with an offending 'brother' attracted the critical attention of Drs. Storrs and Budington, and a conference was held in the "study" of the former to ascertain if it was possible to effect a private settlement of the difficulties between the two associated churches and Plymouth Church. The three pastors met, prayed and discussed, and finally reached the critical attention of the correspondence might be published to make though the found certain ques they mourned his loss. After a few months' work in Philadelphia Dr. Budington accepted an invitation

hope and service of Christ. WM. IVES BUDINGTON.

The series concluded in the following abrupt way, in a letter dated February 25, 1874:—

We regret that the three propositions submitted to you in our letter of the 26th inst., as a possible basis of agreement, are not satisfactory to you: and, as we cannot surrender them or modify them in any important particular, there is probably no occasion, in view of your many engagements and ours, for further protracting our correspondence. Very truly yours, in the service of the Master, WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON.

R. S. STORRS.

Mr. Beecher asked permission to publish the cor-respondence, and Dr. Budington consented, with the accompanying significant sentence:— If you wish to publish, we shall interpose no objection provided the whole be published, and we be furnished wit a proof beforehand. On these conditions, therefore, we comply with your request. Very truly yours, WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON.

comply with your request. Very truly yours.
WILLIAM IVES BUDINGTON.
In conjunction with Dr. Storrs and his charge Dr.
Budington and his called an ecclesiastical council,
to which Plymouth Church was invited. Inasmuch
as Mr. Beecher and his charge regarded this calling of an "ex parte council" to consider the affairs
of a church that had not declined a mutual
council the consummation of a course of irregular
and unwarrantable proceedings against which it had
protested from the beginning, the invitation was respectfully declined. The council was held, nevertheless, and debates of a bitter and acrimonious nature followed in due course. Very naturally ill-feeling was generated and developed itself in summary
action by sundry members of the congregations interested.

thelees, and debates of a bitter and acrimonious nature followed in due course. Very naturally ill-fecing was generated and developed itself in summary action by sundry members of the congregations interested.

Meantime there was developing in the body of Dr. Budington a terrible scourge, which later on caused him intense mental and physical distress. For nearly two years he suffered from a cancer, which first appeared on the inside of his lower lip. It was cut out, but a few months later the disease made its reappearance on the outside of the lip, and was removed again. In the spring of 1878 Dr. Budington visited Europe, where he placed himself under the skiltul treatment of scientific London physicians, who operated on the cancer, which had again become troublesome. Notwithstanding the fact that he returned to his home feeling much improved in health he soon again declined, and a malignant pustule presented itself on the side of his neck, which was operated on by Dr. Willard Parker and J. C. Hutchiason. On Sunday, December 22, he resigned the active pastorate of the church with which he had been for so long a period connected. In May last he visited Philadelphia to seek relief by the "sooth" treatment of Dr. Hewson, of that city. But the fell disease made unmustakable progress in spite of all medicines and the utmost care. In June he visited Boston, where he remained under the treatment of the most skilful physicians until the latter part of September, when he returned reduced in strength, the cancer having spread over his entire chin. He was resigned to all physician suntil the latter part of September, when he returned reduced in strength, the cancer having spread over his entire chin. He was resigned to all physician suntil the latter part of September, when he returned reduced in strength, the cancer having spread over his entire chin. He was resigned to all physician suntil the latter part of September, when he returned reduced in strongth, the cancer having spread over his entire chin. He was resigned t

MICHEL CHEVALIER, FRENCH ECONOMIST. Michel Chevalier, French political economist enator and Counsellor of State of France, was born at Limoges, in the same country, January 13, 1866 and died, as the cable announces, yesterday at Paris. At the age of eighteen he was admitted into the Polytechnic School, whence he passed to the School of Mines some days before the revolution of July He was first publicly employed as an engineer in the Department du Nord. About this time he became an ardent Saint-Simonian, and advocated the cause with great elequence and enthusiasm in the columns of the Globe, of which he was editor. He joined in the schism of the Père Enfantin, was one of the preachers at Ménil-montant, and took part in editing the "Livre Nouveau," the future gospel of pthe doctrines of the sect. For his share in these proceedings he was contemned to a year's imprisonment, as being guilty of an outrage to public morals. After six months' imprisonment, one-half of the sentence having been remitted, he retracted in the Globe all he had written against the Christian religion, marriage and social institutions, and obtained from M. Thiers a special inssistint on the United States to study the system of railway and water communications in that country. The letters which, during this journey, he addressed to the Journal des trébate attracted much attention, served to remove many preachers at Ménil-montant, and took part in edit-

French prejudices on industrial subjects and were published separately in 1856 under the title of "Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord." This brailant work led to his being intrusted with a second mission to England, at the time of the great commercial panie. On his return from London, in 1855, he published "Des Intérêts Mai ri is en France." This book, often reprinted, contains a programme of great industrial improvements. In 1840 he was made professor of political economy in the College of France. In politicis he was a doctrinater, and sat for a short time (1845-46) as a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Failing to be re-elected he became one of the most enthusiastic chardon of free trade, and assisted by M. fastiat, tried in vain to organize a league similar to the Anti-Corn-Law League. The revolution of 1848 caused him to like his various appointments. He threw himself into the ranks of the anti-revolutionists, and replied to the attacks of the socialists on the doctrines of political economy, and to those of his former co-religionists, in his "Lettres sur l'Organization du Travail et la Question des Travailleurs." published in 1848. In 1851 he was elected into the section of Political Sciences. After the coup d'étal he was restored to his professorship in the College of France, and promoted to the rank of Engineer-in-Chief. In 1860 M. Chevalier is the author of many works on political economy. In addition to those already referred to may be noticed his principal work, "Cours l'Economis Politique," published in 1842-50; "Essais de Politique Industrielle," in 1843; and "De la Easse Probable de l'Or," in 1859, which has been translated into English by Mr. Cobden, under the title of "On the Probable Fall of the Vaincof Gold." M. Chevalier is the author of the Vaincof Gold." M. Chevalier as described his principal work, "Cours l'Economis Politique," published in 1842-50; "Essais de Politique Industrielle," in 1843; and "De la Easse Probable de l'Or," in 1859, which has been translated into English and German. He wa

Mr. I. Smith Homans, an extensive operator in real estate in Bergen county, N. J., died of diphtheria at Holyoke, Mass., on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Homans was born in Washington, D. C., in 1833, was graduated from the Scientific Department of Harvard Coilege in 1852 and for several years was a civil engineer in Kentucky. Later, in New York, he assisted his father in the management of the Banker's Magazine, founded by the latter, and he also Banker's Magazine, founded by the latter, and he also wrote on finance for the old Courier and Enquirer. About twenty years ago he entered into real estate transactions and soon became the possessor of a large amount of property located in all parts of Bergen county. He was one of the purchasers, ten years ago, of about one hundred amount wenty thousand acres in Coos county, N. H. He leaves a wife, five children and two brothers. His brothers are Mr. Sheppard Homans, president of the Provident Life Assurance Society, and Mr. E. C. Homans, of the New York Stock Exchange.

A CONVICT'S STORY.

DECLARING HIS LIFE WAS EATEN AWAY BY IN HUMAN TREATMENT-TWO YEARS' EXPERI-ENCE IN THE NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON-THE STATEMENTS DENIED BY THE PRISON AUTHORITIES. In Newark, N. J., some days ago, word was com

municated to a HERALD reporter that if he would call upon a man named Richard Livingston, at a certain place, a statement of alleged cruel and inhuman treatment on the part of the New Jersey State Prison officials could be obtained. Acting upon the hint the reporter found Livingston. He looked a broken down, prematurely old and worn out man, though only twenty-three years of age. He had just come out of the State Prison at Trenton, where he had been for two years. He hails from Jersey City, whence he was Trenton for "entering with intent to commit a burg-lary." He admits having led a wild life, of having been once or twice implicated in prize fights, but says he was punished for a crime he did not commit, though confessing that under advice of his counsel he pleaded non nult contendere. This was in November, 1877. On the way from court to the jail he tried to escape, but was caught and soon after heavily ironed and removed to the State Prison at Trenton. After being in that institution six months his health began to give way, consumption having set in. He admits having been carefully cramined by the doctors and having received a good deal of medical treatment, but still, he declares, he was not treated with the consideration that was due a sick man and one who was gradually growing worse every day. He insists that he was kept at work when he was so sick that he fell down in his place in the shoe shop, and that repeatedly when he could not hold himself up and was habitually spitting blood the doctor rejected his appeal for hospital treatment, and told him he was a sound, healthy man. Sometimes, he avers, he was allowed to go to his cell, but was only allowed prison diet, and once this continued ton days. Another time, he says, he was kept at work and fainted away while standing in the "centre," and had to be carried to his cell. The doctor, he declares, told General Mott, that he gave him more bother than any man in the prison, and by and by Mott made the same complaint.

"The charge I make against the prison people," said Livingston, "is that they treated me inhumanly; that in consequence of the treatment I received in the institution I am completely broken down, and that two years in the Jersey Prison has fairly eaten the life right out of me. For a sick man I was treated shamefully. If they cay they didn't know I was sick then they proclaim their ignorance, If they knew I was sick then they proclaim their ignorance, If they knew I was sick and retused me proper treatexamined by the doctors and having received a good

I was treated shamefully. If they may they didn't know I was sick then they proclaim their ignorance. If they knew I was sick and retused me proper treatment, then they are more guilty still. Imagine a man in my condition—my lungs eaten away and I unable to stand—sent to the 'centre' for talking, handcufed and removed to my cell, and there chained and fed on one gill of water and a piece of bread! O, my God! it's awful, awful!"

Since his liberation Livingston has been under medical care constantly. The attending physician corroborates his, story so far as his long illness is concerned, and any one could see that he is but a shadow of a man of 175 bounds weight (as he claims to have been on entering the prison), and that between him and the grave is but a very narrow strip of time.

WHAT THE PRISON AUTHORITIES SAY.

A HERALD reporter visited the New Jersey State Prison to inquire into the case of Livingston. General Mott was not there, but an official spoke for him and put in a general denial regarding the charges of inhuman treatment. The official stated that Livingston was treated as well as any other convict, and that his confinement in the dungeon was deserved, because he had violated the rules of discipline. Not more than three hundred out of the 800 convicts were at work, and the idle ones would rather work than lie in their cells. Consequently, the official serves, if Livingston was in an until condition for work he would not have been compelled to do so, there being too many to take his place. It was not denied that confinement in the prison hastened or aggravated consumption, especially when that disease was developed in the convict before he entered the prison, he also said that General Mott never punished a convict for the first offence.

GRADES OF CORN AND BARLEY.

GRADES OF CORN AND BARLEY.

The Committee on Grain of the Produce Exchange established yesterday grades of corn and barley The grades of corn are the same as those esta lished last year, but the committee have ordered that the new corn arriving on or after October 3, "new" prefixed to the grade until Jamsary 1, 1880, and that there shall be no distinction between old and new corn in the grades below No. 2. There are only two changes in the grades of bariey. The first provides that No. 1 State bariey, two rowed, shall be provides that No. 1 State bariey, two rowed, shall be of a bright natural color, plump, sound and well cleaned, and weighing not less than forty-nine, instead of forty-eight, pounds to the measured bushel; and the second states that No. 2 State barley, two-rowed, shall be sound, reasonably clean, but in color not good enough for No. 1 and weighing not less than forty-eight, instead of forty-seven, pounds to the measured bushel. Chairman derrick after the first call advised the grain trade to drop the grade of No. 2 amber wheat from the call, in view of the lack of interest in it, and the same was agreed to, subject to the approval of the Floor Committee.

POLICEMAN PANET'S PISTOL. Policeman Anthony J. Panet, of the Eighty-eighth street police station, was before Justice Wandell, in the Harlem Police Court, yesterday, to give his version of the shooting of John Sullivan, of East Eighty-ninth street, near Lexington avenue, last Sunday. He testified that about five o'clock on that Sunday. He testified that about five o'clock on that after on he saw a crowd of young men collected in the vicinity of the scene of the shooting and acting in a disorderly manner. He ordered them away, when Sullivan, the officer alleged, used bad lan guage toward him. The police officer then pushed him off the corner. The crowd closed in on him, and he drew his club and pursued Sullivan, whe had thrown a stone at him. The others fired more stones, Sullivan throwing several. He then fired his pistol at Sullivan, who fled across Eighty-ninths street. Three-quarters of an hour after the officer acrested Sullivan in a physician's office.

Connsellor John M. Couran appeared for Sullivan, and said he had sixteen witnesses who would tell a totally different story from the officer's. He says that they will testify that Panet was the originator of the trouble, that he was intoxicated and swore at Sullivan, striking him in the face, and then drew his